

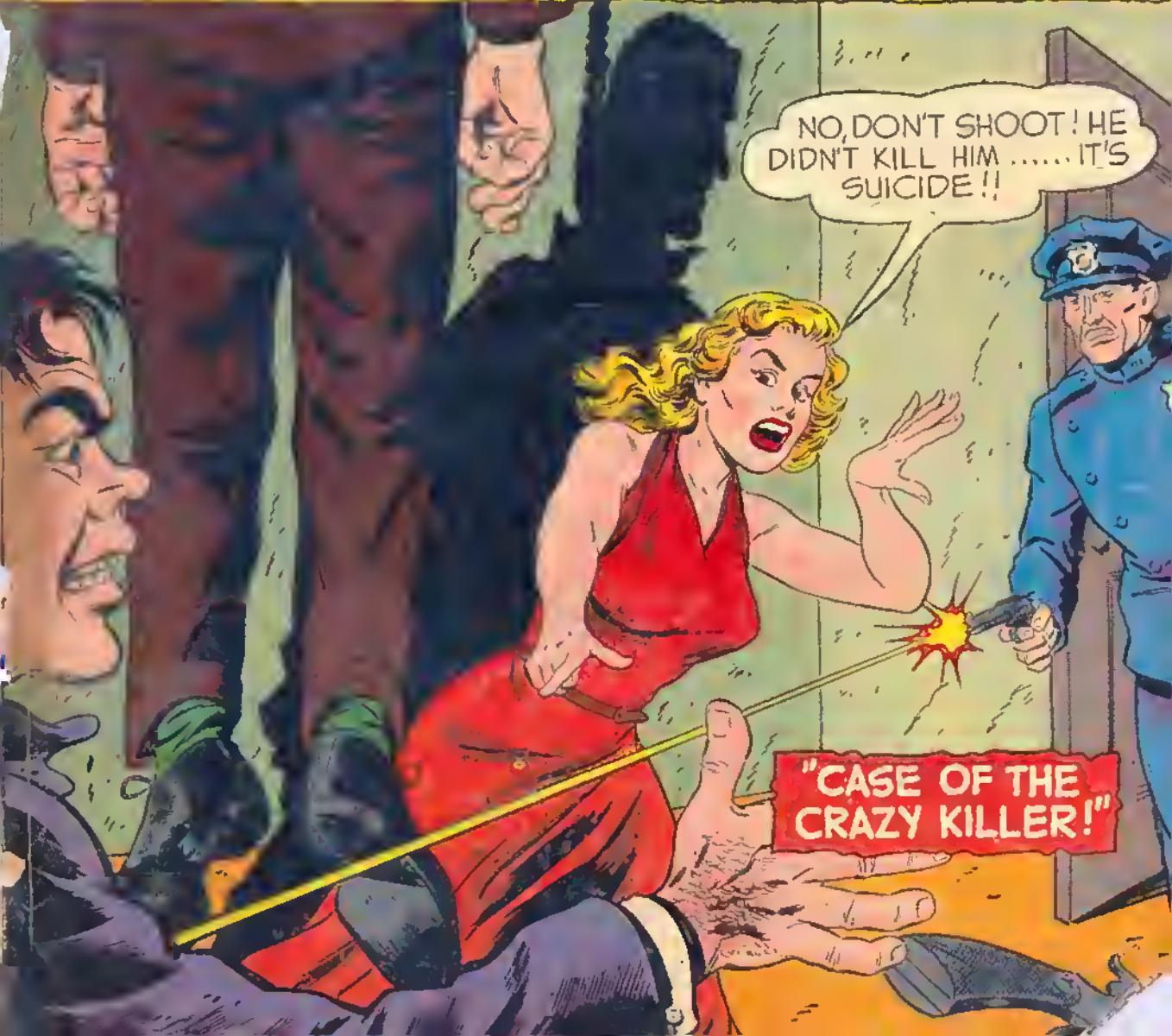
JAN.
NO. 11

FIGHT AGAINST

CRIME

10¢

HORROR AND SUSPENSE



"NO, DON'T SHOOT! HE
DIDN'T KILL HIM IT'S
SUICIDE!!

"CASE OF THE
CRAZY KILLER!"

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



SOLDIERS **SAILORS** **WACS** **MORTARS** **MARINES** **PT BOATS** **HOWITZERS**

TRUCKS **CANNONS** **BOMBERS** **CRUISERS** **BATTLESHIPS** **PT BOATS** **WAVES** **MARINES** **PT BOATS** **BATTLESHIPS** **CRUISERS** **JETS** **BOMBERS**

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GANGWAR!



IN THE LATE YEARS OF PROHIBITION, MIKE BRAMWELL HAD BUILT HIMSELF A POWERFUL ORGANIZATION, BECOMING ONE OF THE LARGEST BOOTLEGGERS ON THE EAST COAST... BUT IT WAS THE BIG BOYS THAT THE LAW GOT AFTER, AND JUST PRIOR TO REPEAL, BRAMWELL FOUND HIMSELF FACED WITH A SEVEN YEAR SENTENCE... BUT NOT BEFORE HE MANAGED TO STASH AWAY A SIZEABLE AMOUNT OF CASH FOR THE TIME THAT HE'D GET OUT OF STIR.

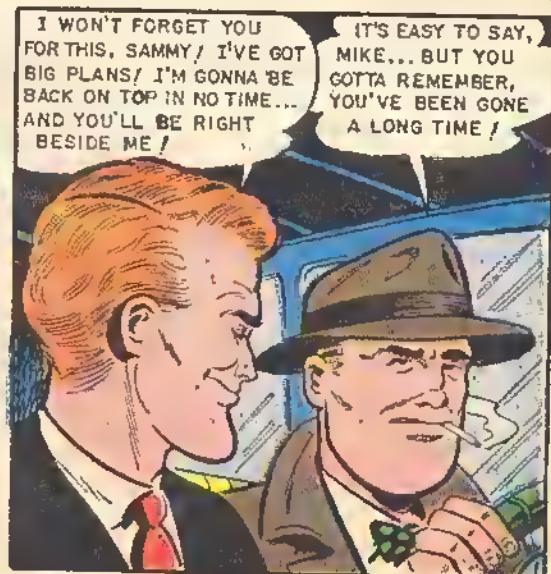
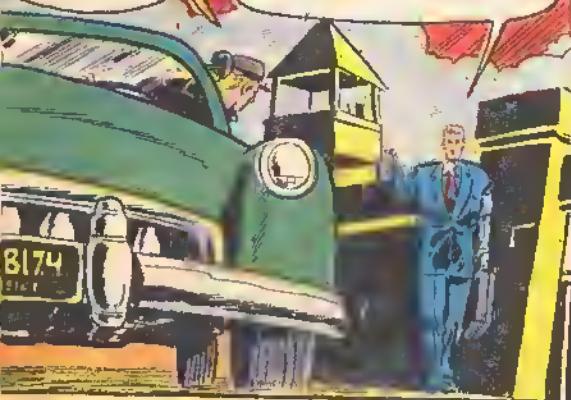
WITH TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR, BRAMWELL WAS RELEASED IN 1938.

HEY, MIKE... OVER HERE! I HEARD YOU WERE GETTIN' OUT TODAY!

SAMMY! SAMMY JENKS... MY OLD RIGHT HAND BOY! WELL, THIS IS A SURPRISE! I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY'D REMEMBER ME AFTER FIVE YEARS!

I WON'T FORGET YOU FOR THIS, SAMMY! I'VE GOT BIG PLANS! I'M GONNA BE BACK ON TOP IN NO TIME... AND YOU'LL BE RIGHT BESIDE ME!

IT'S EASY TO SAY, MIKE... BUT YOU GOTTA REMEMBER, YOU'VE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME!



WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

WELL, A GUY NAMED "TOOTS" BOGDEN HAS THE TOWN ALL BOTTLED UP! OTHER GUYS TRIED BUCKIN' HIM... AND WOUND UP AS FISH FOOD!

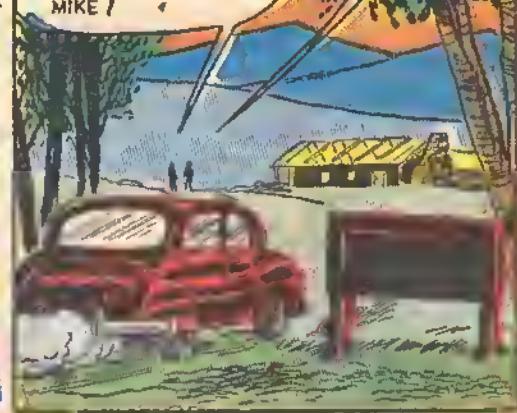
WELL, THERE'S NO SENSE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...ESPECIALLY WHEN THE OTHER GUYS HOLD THE WINNIN' HAND. I'M GONNA STAY LEGIT, SAMMY...OPEN A CLASSY CASINO / YOU KNOW... HIGH CLASS FOOD AND GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE HOI- POLLOI!

MIKE PICKED OUT A SITE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN AND WITHIN A MONTH CONSTRUCTION HAD BEGUN ON THE CASINO...

OH, OH! MIKE... TAKE A GANDER / THAT'S BOGDEN'S CRATE THAT JUST DROVE UP / HE... HE MEANS TROUBLE.

I DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS / I'LL SEE WHAT HE WANTS!

MIKE!



YOU'RE BRAMWELL, AREN'T YOU? JUMP IN...POUR YOURSELF A DRINK / I HAVE A VERY PROFITABLE PROPOSITION FOR YOU!

SURE, WHY NOT? AT LEAST I CAN LISTEN!

NO SENSE TELLING HIM OFF WITH THE ORGANIZATION HE'S GOT BEHIND HIM!

I WANT IN ON THIS LITTLE NIGHT CLUB OF YOURS... ONLY I WANT AN EXTRA WING ADDED FOR GAMBLING / I'LL HANDLE THAT AND CUT YOU IN FOR 25% OF THE TAKE! IT'LL MORE THAN DOUBLE WHAT YOU MAKE FROM FOOD AND DRINKS!

WELL, THAT'S A MIGHTY GENEROUS OFFER, MR. BOGDEN... BUT I DON'T HAPPEN TO WANT A PARTNER / BESIDES, WITH MY RECORD, I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES ON RUNNING A GAMBLING DIVE / SORRY!

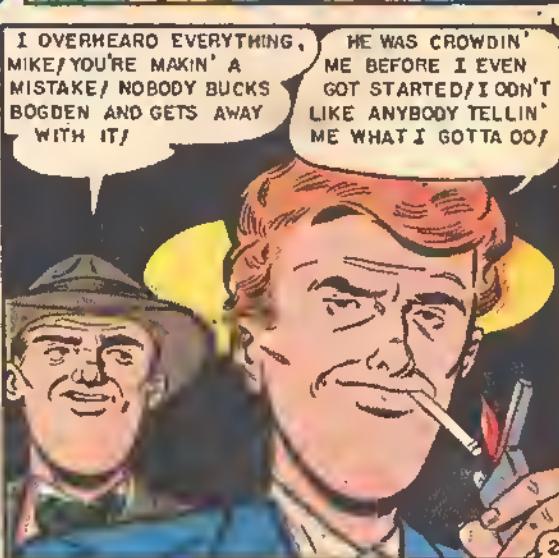


IT'S NOT A MATTER OF WHAT YOU WANT, BRAMWELL... IT'S WHAT I WANT / I'LL GIVE YOU A WEEK TO THINK IT OVER!

FORGET IT / I WON'T CHANGE MY MIND!

I OVERHEARD EVERYTHING, MIKE / YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE / NOBODY BUCKS BOGDEN AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

HE WAS CROWDIN' ME BEFORE I EVEN GOT STARTED / I DON'T LIKE ANYBODY TELLIN' ME WHAT I GOTTA DO!



AS THE DAYS GREW INTO WEEKS,
THE CASINO NEARED COMPLETION
AND... HELLO, BRAMWELL! THIS IS
BOGDEN AGAIN! I'M FEELING VERY
GENEROUS SO I'M
GIVING YOU ANOTHER
CHANCE TO RE-
CONSIDER MY OFFER!

LISTEN,
BIG-SHOT...
AND GET THIS!
MY MIND'S MADE
UP AND IT'S NO
GO...GET THAT?

FINALLY, ON THE NIGHT BEFORE
THE GRAND OPENING OF "MIKE'S
CASINO..."

DIRECT HIT! HA HA!
THAT'LL SHOW
BRAMWELL THAT NO-
BODY GETS AWAY SAYIN'
NO TO THE BOSS! BOGDEN
OUGHTA GIVE US A
BONUS FOR THIS!

WHAT KIND OF A DISTRICT
ATTORNEY ARE YOU, ANYWAY? YOU
KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT IT
WAS BOGDEN WHO BLEW UP MY
PLACE! I'M TRYIN' TO GO
LEGITIMATE! WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE ACTION?

WHY, YOU DIRTY...YOU'RE AS
CROOKED AS BOGDEN AND YOU
KNOW IT! LEGITIMATE...DON'T
MAKE ME LAUGH/BUT...YOU
BRING ME THE PROOF THAT
BOGDEN'S RESPONSIBLE
AND I'LL PROSECUTE! I NEED
PROOF!

ANGRILY, MIKE WENT ABOUT THE TASK
OF REPAIRING THE CASINO...

THAT LOUSY SCUM! FIXING
UP THE PLACE IS GONNA TAKE
EVERY LAST CENT I HAD! IF I
HAD TEN MINUTES ALONE WITH
BOGDEN, I'D...

OH, OH...LOOK,
MIKE! COMIN' IN
THE DOOR!

HELLO, BRAMWELL!
THOUGHT I'D DROP
AROUND AND
EXPRESS MY SORROW
OVER YOUR BAD
FORTUNE!

LISTEN,
TOOTS...
NO, YOU LISTEN/I
THOUGHT YOU HAD
BRAINS, BRAMWELL...
BUT YOU ACT LIKE A KID!
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU
GET SMART? WHY, 25%
OF THE GAMBLING
PROFITS WOULD MAKE
YOU RICH WITHIN A
MONTH!

ALL RIGHT, TOTO!/IT'S A DEAL
... YOU CAN BUILD YOUR GAMBLING
WING/ BUT I WANT ONE THING
UNDERSTOOD/ THIS IS MY PLACE!
I'M THE BOSS...

AND WHAT I SAY GOES!/ OH, SURE...
SURE, BRAMWELL!
YOU'RE THE BOSS!

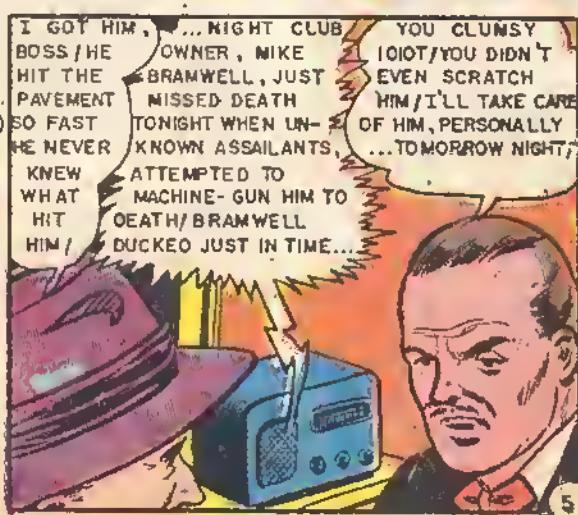
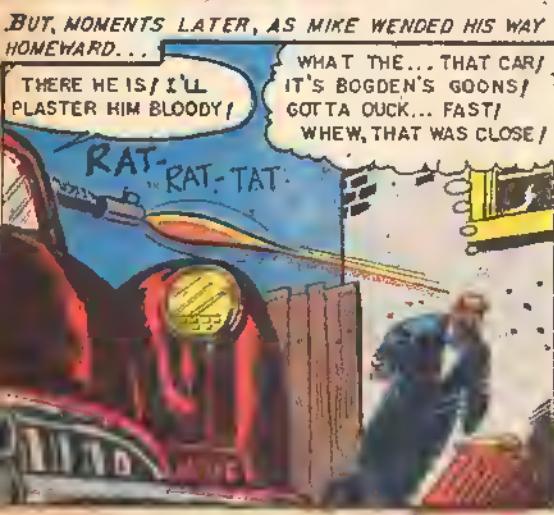
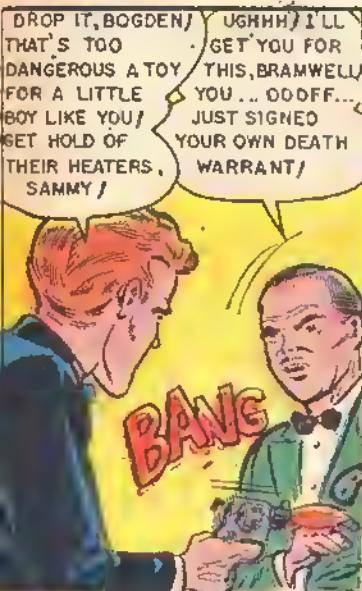
WEEKS LATER, OPENING NIGHT
BROUGHT A RECORD CROWD TO
THE MUCH TALKED ABOUT, MUCH-
PUBLICIZED "MIKE'S CASINO..."

IT'S TERRIFIC, BOSS! YOUGHTA
SEE THE GAMBLIN' ROOM! IT'S
PACKED TO THE RAFTERS! HEY,
WHAT'RE YA STARIN' AT?

THAT CANARY OF
BRAMWELL'S! HE
SURE KNOWS HOW TO
PICK 'EM/LISTEN, JOEY
... RUN OUT AND DIG UP
A BASKET OF FLOWERS/
AND MAKE SURE THEY'RE
IN HER DRESSING ROOM
BY THE TIME SHE
FINISHES HER NUMBER/
THAT BABY'S GOT
CLASS!









A FEW DAYS LATER... AT THE CEMETERY.



SPURRED ON BY AN EERIE VISION OF ROBIN GRAY, MIKE ORGANIZED A GANG OF THUGS WHO BORE EQUAL HATRED FOR TOOTS BOGDEN, AND PLANNED HIS STRATEGY...



THE REIGN OF TERROR SPREAD WILDLY. BOGDEN FOUND HIS ORGANIZATION CRUMBLING AS MIKE'S THUGS ENCOUNTERED HIS HOODLUMS AT EVERY TURN AND FULFILLED THEIR MISSION EFFICIENTLY... SO EFFICIENTLY THAT LAW OFFICIALS WERE UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION.



FINALLY, AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS OF BULLETS AND BLOOD CLIMAXED BY THE KILLING OF TOOTS BOGDEN'S BROTHER . . .

NOW, MIKE... NOW'S THE TIME TO STRIKE! NOW HE'LL BE OUT IN THE OPEN! DO IT, MIKE.. DO IT! YEAH... YEAH! FOR ME! I'LL KILL HIM... FOR YOU, ROBIN!

WHAT DID YOU SAY, MIKE? NOTHIN' / FORGET IT! BUT IF TOOTS' BROTHER WAS KILLED... HE'S A CINCH TO BE AT THE FUNERAL. AND I FIGURE ON MAKING IT HIS FUNERAL TOO!

LOOK, MIKE... THERE THEY ARE NOW! LET'S OPEN UP ON 'EM!

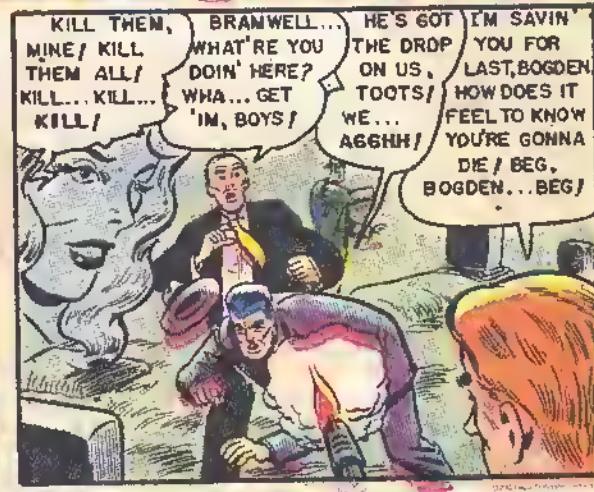
HIX / THIS IS MY PARTY! I WANNA SEE THE EXPRESSION ON BOGDEN'S FACE JUST BEFORE I GIVE IT TO 'EM! BUT COVER ME!



MY BROTHER / HE KILLED MY BROTHER / I'LL KILL 'IM / I'LL KILL 'IM IF I HAVE TO DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!

AVENGE ME, MIKE! YOU'LL DIE ALL RIGHT, BOGDEN! YOU'LL DIE JUST AS ROBIN DIED WITH FLAMING LEAD SEARING YOUR GUTS! TURN AROUND, BOGDEN... I WANNA SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WHEN YOU DIE!

KILL THEM, MINE! KILL THEM ALL! KILL... KILL... KILL! BRANWELL... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE? WHA... GET 'IM, BOYS! HE'S GOT IM SAVIN' THE DROP YOU FOR LAST, BOGDEN TOOTS! HOW DOES IT WE... FEEL TO KNOW AGHHH! YOU'RE GONNA DIE / BEG, BOGDEN... BEG!



THE END

MURDER... MONEY... AND MADNESS MAKE UP THIS TALE OF SUSPENSE! ONLY HIS WIFE SEPARATED GEORGE FROM A FORTUNE... AND HE QUICKLY GOT HER OUT OF THE WAY! POOR GEORGE... HE WAS INSANE TO THINK HE COULD GET AWAY WITH IT! THIS IS HIS STORY.

The
Case
Of

THE CRAZY KILLER



THAT WAS THE WAY IT ALL BEGAN... ON A NIGHT
JUST A YEAR AGO, WHEN ME AND PETE FREEMAN
PULLED A JOB AT THE SCHANER DRUG CO. . .

H-HERE IT IS! THAT'S ALL
THERE IS!

THANKS, SUCKER!
YOU'RE A REAL PAL!



YEAH, "A REAL PAL"... IT'S TOO BAD I WASN'T
ABLE TO SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING BEHIND THAT
COUNTER...

HURRY UP, GEORGE! LET'S
BEAT IT OUTTA HERE FAST!

JUST ONE MORE
SECOND, PETEY BOY!



BUT EVEN THAT ONE SECOND WAS TOO LONG! THE BURGLAR ALARM SOUNDED WITH A ROAR AND...

WHY YOU DIRTY STINKIN' RAT / TAKE THAT!

COME ON, PETE / EVERY BULL IN TOWN WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!

THE COPS ARRIVED BEFORE WE WERE HALF A BLOCK AWAY! POOR PETE... HE WAS BEHIND ME! THE SAP DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, PETE / I'M SAVIN' MY OWN NECK!



I MADE IT THROUGH AN ALLEY AND DOWN THE DARK BACK STREETS / I WAS SAFE... THE COPS DIDN'T NAB ME!

HA! HA! IT TAKES MORE THAN A COUPLA FLATFEET TO CATCH THIS BOY! I'M SAFE NOW... AND WITH A FEW THOUSAND BUCKS BESIDES!



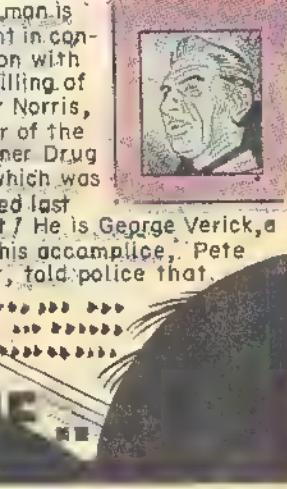
I SPENT THE NIGHT IN A FLEA-BAG HOTEL TO AVOID SUSPICION, AND THE NEXT MORNING I STARTED ON MY WAY OUT OF TOWN...

GIMME A PAPER, KID! SURE, MISTER! BIG EXCITEMENT LAST NIGHT... A ROBBERY AND A KILLING!



WHEN I OPENED THE PAPER I SAW A SIGHT THAT ALMOST CURDLED MY BLOOD...

This man is sought in connection with the killing of Abner Norris, owner of the Schaper Drug Co. which was robbed last night! He is George Verick, and his accomplice, Pete Blair, told police that...



WITH MY PICTURE PLASTERED IN EVERY NEWSPAPER IN TOWN, I KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO... I WENT TO DOG WEBSTER, A GUY WHO WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO THE UNDERWORLD...

YOU GOTTA HELP ME, DOC! EVERY COP IN THE STATE IS LOOKIN' FOR ME! I WANT A NEW FACE!

I DON'T KNOW, GEORGE... I DON'T KNOW! AN OPERATION LIKE THAT COSTS DOUGH... BIG DOUGH!



THE DOG HAD ME IN A SPOT AND HE KNEW IT... I GAVE HIM EVERY DIME I HAD... BUT I PROMISED MYSELF I'D GET IT BACK!

OKAY, OKAY... HER IT IS! THAT'S THE DOUGH FROM THE HEIST LAST NIGHT!

WHY, THANK YOU GEORGE! HEE HEE! YES, MY BOY, I GUESS WE CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE OPERATION NOW! WHEN I'M FINISHED YOUR OWN MOTHER WON'T KNOW YOU.



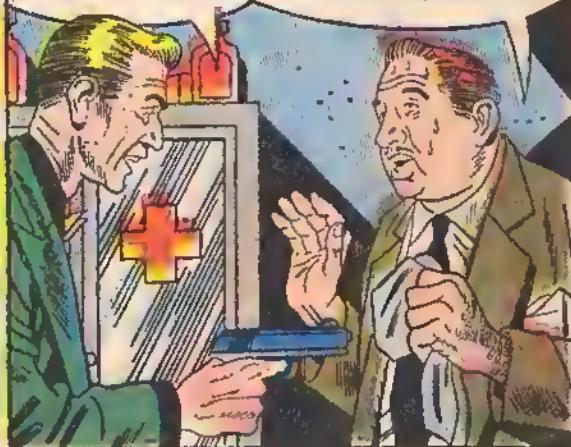
IT TOOK SIX WEEKS FOR MY FACE TO HEAL... AND THE DOG WAS RIGHT... IT WAS A PERFECT JOB!

WELL, GEORGE, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOURSELF?

YOU DID A SWELL JOB, DOC! THERE AIN'T ANYBODY ALIVE THAT WOULD KNOW IT WAS ME...

...EXCEPT YOU... AND YOUR'E NOT GOIN' TO BE ALIVE LONG!

GEORGE, WAIT! NO! I WOULDN'T RAT ON YOU! YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME / I...



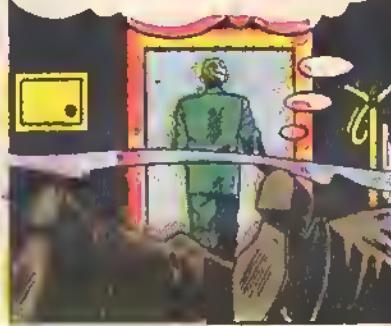
I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY, DOC! SO LONG, PAL!

AGHRRR!



DOC HADN'T SPENT MUCH OF THE DOUGH... AND WHEN I LEFT HIS HOUSE I HAD NOT ONLY A NEW FACE... BUT THE LOOT TOO!

...AND NOW FOR A VACATION, GEORGE BOY! YOU COULD USE A LITTLE SUN AND SOME REST! MAYBE A CRUISE WOULD BE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED! HA HA HA HA //



A WEEK LATER I WAS LYING ON MY BACK, DRINKING UP THE SUN, ON A BOAT HEADED FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

I WONDER WHO THAT DAME IS? THAT ROCK ON HER FINGER MUST BE WORTH 5 G's ALONE! MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED... A WEALTHY DAME TO TAKE CARE OF ME!



FOR A FIVE BUCK TIP I GOT ALL THE INFORMATION I NEEDED ON THE WOMAN... THE DECK STEWARD WAS MOST COOPERATIVE!

GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE,

SIR. SHE'S MRS. AGATHA NORTH... THE WIDOW OF CHARLES NORTH, THE OIL MAGNATE! HER FORTUNE IS RUMORED TO BE OVER TEN

MILLION DOLLARS!

WELL... WELL! THANKS, STEWARD!



TEN MILLION BUCKS! THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO HEAR! I DECIDED NOT TO APPROACH AGATHA NORTH UNTIL THAT EVENING...

MRS. NORTH, I REALIZE I'M BEING PRESUMPTUOUS... BUT I'VE BEEN NOTICING YOU SINCE THE BOAT SAILED.. WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO ACCEPT A DRINK FROM A STRANGER?



IT WAS AS SIMPLE AT THAT.. SHE WAS A PUSH-OVER! WITHIN AN HOUR WE WERE LAUGHING AND JOKING LIKE OLD FRIENDS...

Hahaha! WHY, GEORGE VANE YOU'VE KEPT ME GIGGLING LIKE A SCHOOL-GIRL! I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I SPENT SUCH A NICE EVENING!

IT HAS BEEN FUN, AGATHA... AND I HOPE IT WON'T END TONIGHT!

FROM THAT NIGHT ON WE WERE CONSTANT COMPANIONS! WE WENT SIGHTSEEING IN RIO, DANCING IN CHILI.., AND I KNEW MY PLAN WAS WORKING PERFECTLY.



BY THE TIME WE WERE ON THE BOAT HEADING BACK TO THE STATES, I WAS READY FOR THE BIG MOMENT...

AGATHA, DARLING, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU! SAY YES, GEORGE!

OH, YES, YES,



POOR AGATHA... ALMOST BEFORE SHE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO HER, WE WERE MARRIED! THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN PERFORMED THE CEREMONY.

...AND DO YOU, AGATHA, TAKE THIS MAN FOR YOUR LAWFULLY WEDDED HUSBAND?

I DO!



WE SETTLED ON HER TREMENDOUS ESTATE IN LONG ISLAND.., BUT IN ONLY TWO WEEKS, I SAW I'D MADE A MISTAKE... A BIG MISTAKE!

HONEY, I'M GOING TO RUN INTO TOWN TO LOOK AT A NEW CAR. AND, BY THE WAY, I'M A LITTLE SHORT... I'LL NEED A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS!



IF YOU WANT A NEW CAR YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY IT WITH YOUR OWN MONEY, GEORGE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN WASTING MY MONEY!

WHY, YOU TIGHT OLD MISER!



SHE WAS A REAL SKINFLINT! I COULDN'T GET MORE THAN TEN BUCKS OUT OF HER AT A TIME!

AGATHA, FOR PETE SAKE! HOW CAN I GO TO THE RACES WITHOUT ANY DOUGH? IT TAKES MONEY TO MAKE BETS!

ALL RIGHT, GEORGE! STOP SCREAMING! HERE'S TEN DOLLARS. THAT'S ALL I'LL GIVE YOU! - I DON'T APPROVE OF GAMBLING!



BY THE END OF THE FIRST MONTH I KNEW SOMETHING WOULD HAVE TO BE DONE. I WANTED MONEY... AND IF THE OLD SKINFLINT WOULDN'T GIVE IT TO ME, I HAD TO FIND A WAY OF GETTING IT!

SHE'S TOO PROMINENT TO KILL... BLACKMAIL MAYBE? HAW... THAT WON'T WORK! WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!



SLEEP WELL, AGATHA DEAR... BECAUSE IN A FEW MONTHS YOU MAY FIND IT DIFFICULT! HAHA! I'M GOING TO DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, MY SWEET WIFE!



YEAH, THAT WAS MY PLAN! I WOULD DRIVE AGATHA CRAZY! IF I COULD HAVE HER COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION, HER FORTUNE WOULD BE MINE! I BEGAN THE NEXT DAY...

HOW WOULD I LIKE TO EARN \$50,000? I THOUGHT MR. VANE, THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I LIKE A GUY I WOULDN'T DO FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY!

OKAY, LEONARD. YOU LOOKED FULLY AND ACTUALLY WHAT I SAY



AND SO, WITH THE BUTLER'S HELP, I PUT MY SCHEME INTO EFFECT! THAT NIGHT, AFTER AGATHA AND I GOT INTO BED...

AGATHA! AGATHA VANE! I'M COMING! I'M COMING TO GET YOU!

W-WHAT? WHAT'S THAT NOISE? WHO IS IT?



HA/HA/ THE OLD DAME CAME FLYING OVER TO ME LIKE A SCARED RABBIT!

GEORGE! GEORGE! WAKE UP!/ THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW!

HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, DEAR GO BACK TO BED, IT'S LATE!



AGATHA! AGATHA VANE! I'M COMING! I'M COMING TO GET YOU!

THERE! THERE IT IS AGAIN! OH, GEORGE, SEE WHO IT IS!

HONEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? I DON'T HEAR ANYBODY!



LEONARD AND I KEPT THE ROUTINE UP FOR A MONTH, AND POOR AGATHA CRACKED FAST!

YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID, (SOB) OH, GEORGE, HELP AGATHA! IT DOESN'T HURT TO DIE / DEATH IS PLEASANT, AGATHA!

ME / I-I'M GOING CRAZY! HELP (SOB) ME!

SURE, DEAR, I'LL HELP YOU!

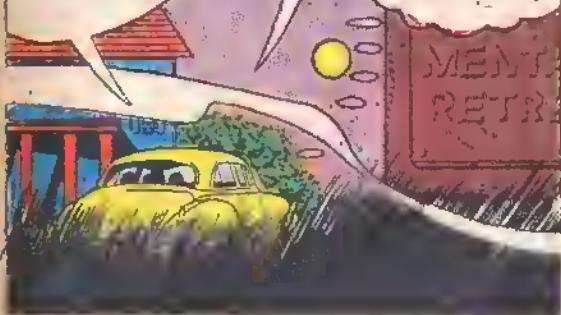


IT WASN'T HARD TO CONVince DOCTOR NEWTON THAT AGATHA NEEDED THE "SPECIAL ATTENTION" OF A MENTAL SANITARIUM...

I HEAR IT ALL THE TIME... NOT JUST AT NIGHT... BUT ALL THE TIME! IT CALLS ME AND...

TRY TO KEEP CALM, MRS. VANE! ALL OF US AT THE HOSPITAL WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!

IT REALLY WORKED! SHE'S NUTTY AS A FRUIT CAKE!



I PAID OFF THE BUTLER AND THEN BIDED MY TIME FOR A FEW MONTHS...

IN ANOTHER WEEK I'LL LEAVE. I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH SO NO ONE WILL SUSPECT ANYTHING! HAHA! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN SHE HEARD LEONARD'S VOICE ON THAT MICROPHONE! WHAT A PERFECT SET-UP!



SIX NIGHTS LATER I LOADED MY SUITCASES INTO THE CAR AND TOOK OFF...

FOR CRIFES SAKE, THIS LOOKS LIKE A SMALL TORNADO! I BETTER PULL OFF THE ROAD... I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO SUCH A WEALTHY MAN! HAHAHAHA!



ON THE DAY AGATHA ENTERED THE INSTITUTION, I WAS GIVEN HER POWER OF ATTORNEY... AND HER MONEY BECAME MINE!

THAT'S ALL, MR. VANE... UNTIL MRS. VANE IS RELEASED, EVERYTHING IS TURNED OVER TO YOUR SUPERVISION!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO HANDLE THINGS PROPERLY, MR. HOWARD.

YEAH... I'LL DO MY BEST TO SPEND EVERY DIME!



I ENTERED THE BUILDING AND WENT TO THE OFFICE OF THE HEAD DOCTOR! IT WAS A NEW MAN... DR. NEWTON WASN'T ON DUTY...

OF COURSE YOU MAY SEE YOUR WIFE, SIR! WHILE THE NURSE IS GETTING HER, PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AROUND OUR FINE HOSPITAL?

YEAH, SURE! I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THE INSIDE OF A BOOBY HATCH... ER... SANITARIUM WAS LIKE!



YOU'LL FIND THE PATIENTS IN THIS WARD QUITE HARMLESS, MR. VANE. THE ALL SUFFER FROM DELUSIONS, SO PAY NO ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY TELL YOU!

SURE, DOC! I KNOW ALL ABOUT DELUSIONS... MY WIFE'S GOT 'EM!



THE DOC LEFT ME AND I STROLLED THROUGH THE WARDS! THE PATIENTS RAN TO TALK TO ME... AND I WAS SURE THEY WERE CRAZY AS BEDBUGS!

MISTER, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! THERE'S BEEN A REVOLT HERE! WE'RE THE DOCTORS AND NURSES... THE OTHERS ARE THE REAL INMATES!

THAT WASN'T A DOCTOR WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE! IT WAS A PATIENT! THEY'VE KEPT US PRISONERS!

GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE ALL LOONEY! BEAT IT!



BUT AS I REACHED THE END OF THE WARD, I SUDDENLY FROZE IN HORROR...

DR. NEWTON! W- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU SEE, MR. VANE... IT IS TRUE! WE ARE PRISONERS... PRISONERS OF THE INSANE!



I TURNED TO RUN... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! TWO ATTENDANTS GRABBED ME...

HEY! LET GO OF ME! I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!

NO, MR. VANE... YOU'RE NOT LEAVING! THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO WISHES TO SEE YOU! HA HA HA HA!



THEY LAUGHED LIKE MADMEN AS THEY TOOK ME DOWN A CORRIDOR AND INTO AN OFFICE...

AGATHA! AGATHA, FOR PITY'S SAKE, TELL THESE MANIACS TO LET ME GO! I WANNA GET OUT OF HERE!

GEORGE, DARLING! I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU! I'VE MISSED YOU, SWEETHEART! BUT NOW I WON'T BE LONESOME ANYMORE... YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME, GEORGE!



AND SUDDENLY I KNEW SHE WAS RIGHT... I'D NEVER LEAVE HER! I WAS TRAPPED... A CAPTIVE OF THE CRAZY!

LET ME OUT! I'M GOING CRAZY TOO! LET ME OUT!

NO, MY DARLING... YOU MUST STAY WITH US... FOREVER!



THE END

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
AEROS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

MICROCOCCUS
OVALIS



MICROCOCCUS
AEROS

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all* four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact!
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
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We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 320 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

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Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The rest is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.



SEAL

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THE STRIPED NOOSE

By ELLEN LYNN

SHORTY FERRIS and his three henchmen made quite a sight as they strutted around town, like some foreign prince with his three attentive slaves.

As his nickname described, Shorty was a little guy in stature, but his dreams were big, his aims were wide. And he surrounded himself with husky men whom he controlled as a puppeteer manipulates his dolls on strings. Fatso, Muscles and Twister were the descriptive names of his bodyguards and his cockiness borrowed strength from their loyal devotion. They bowed to his superior brains, because they recognized that their newly acquired prosperity was due to the schemes and well-planned capers that Shorty devised.

The citizens of Harman City squirmed when they saw the long cream-colored convertible filled with this odd-looking group go rolling down their streets. Usually Shorty's girl, red-haired Terry O'Day, would be sitting at the wheel, while Shorty sank back in the seat beside her puffing at a cigar, conscious of the impression he was making with this gorgeous girl driving him around and his three aides lolling in the rear seat ready at all times to obey his least order.

The law had not caught up with Shorty and his crowd and the kingpin rocketeer had a nice secure feeling that it never would. He had everything taken care of nicely, nothing could possibly go wrang. And it wouldn't be long before he could carry out Terry's single stubborn dream: to give up the rackets and live somewhere quietly in a beautiful big house far away—and maybe raise a family. Shorty was raking in the dough so fast it might take only a couple of more years before he'd be able to retire and get married just like Terry wanted. He enjoyed running his rackets, but he had to admit it was nerve-wracking.

It was just after their most recent caper, and Shorty had handed each of the boys a share of the loot. His nerves were particularly on edge. They had had a narrow escape, due to a blunder

of Fatsa's, Terry had a mad on and wouldn't see him for the past three nights (she was pressing him on this marriage business and getting out of the rackets—"We have plenty of money, now," she had said), and Fatso was still sulking over his shore—he wanted more.

Shorty's eyes narrowed, as they did whenever he was struck with one of his inspirations. Suddenly he gave an order—"Fatsy, run out and get me a pack of cigarettes. Na, I don't want one of yours—I want a fresh' pack—you know I must have my own pack. Hurry back."

When the fleshy man had waddled out of the room, Shorty turned a steely gaze on the other two—Muscles and Twister. "Boys," he said; "Fatso's getting in our way. He's getting too big for his britches (Ha, ha, that's good, aint it?). And he wants to cut into your shares. What d'ya say to that?"

"Hell-na!" blurted out Twister.
"I'll murder 'im," exclaimed Muscles.

"Well—let's not commit murder, boys. Hahaha! why don't we arrange a little suicide?" Shorty, as usual, had an inspiration. "It'll be easy. We'll get him back to his room, bring along a rope—it'll have to be heavy for our Fatsa—and we'll fix up a nice hanging. When his body's found, it'll be called suicide. How about it?"

Twister and Muscles squirmed in their chairs.

"Well—if you'd rather give up part of your shares of the money to Fatsa—that's all right with me . . ." Shorty shrugged.

"No, na—we'll do it!" came the answer in unison from the two huskies.

The "suicide" was carried out with surprising ease. The lumbering Fatso was as slow-witted as he was slow-moving. It was even funny how they tricked him into getting up on the chair close to the high closet door. Not until they kicked away the chair—in the split-instant before his neck broke—did it down on him what his buddies were up to. The surprise in his face amused Shorty. For

one moment the remaining three men feared the noose wouldn't hold the mountainous body, but the green-and-red striped cord of the electrical wire they had used had remarkable tensile strength. There was a loud crack and the dead weight hung heavily dangling, the stunned look of the eyes fixed into eternity.

As usual, Shorty was right. When the body was found the police called it suicide. Everything was going fine: Terry had made up and Shorty promised her it wouldn't be long now before he'd go into retirement. In fact, he was getting most of Fats's share now—a nice increase. The other boys were grumbling, but, come to think of it, why couldn't he mete out the same treatment to one of the others and still further add to his take? Now a little arranged accident for Muscles shouldn't be too difficult.

Shorty was on his way to Muscles's room. He had in mind a little automobile ride to the outskirts of town where the roadside was a sheer drop of jagged rock. A pre-arranged flat, the two of them getting out to replace the tire, a slip of the foot, and over the side—that was the accident Shorty had in mind. But where had Muscles been all day? Well, once in a while he went on a binge and didn't show up. He was probably sleeping it off in his room.

A pass-key let Shorty in. Sure enough, there was Muscles sprawled out on the bed. Boy, he was knocked out cold! Gold? Why, the guy was dead! Shorty's sense of humor never failed him. Hohohaha! Here was a job he didn't have to pull. As he turned to call the landlady, Shorty stumbled on something hard on the floor. He bent down—it was a piece of cord—green-and-red striped! Part of the electrical cord they had used on Fats! How did it get there?

No doubt Muscles must have had a piece of the cord in his pocket and it fell out. Ridiculous to imagine anything else! And his death was officially called a heart attack.

A few days later Shorty was in his room brooding about the death of the Muscles and the piece of cord found by his body.

The phone rang. "An accident—Terry!—drowned in her pool?" Shorty couldn't believe what he heard. But there beside her pool was the dead body of his gorgeous Terry. But how did Twister get there so soon? What was he doing there?

What was that in Twister's fingers? My God, a piece of green-and-red striped electrical cord!

Abject terror assailed Shorty. Two of his strong men and his sweetheart, his beautiful Terry, were gone. It was Twister who got rid of Muscles and Terry. Shorty was convinced. He had left the striped cord to frighten him, make him run away. Well, he'd get to Twister first, put him out of the way before Twister got at him with his macabre trick of leaving a piece of the striped cord with each murdered body.

But Shorty must have been born under a lucky star. For him, everything worked itself out. He stayed pretty close to his apartment after Terry died; he didn't want to give Twister a chance till he, Shorty, had worked out a plan for getting Twister first. And then he saw it in the newspapers: Twister had been hit by a truck and killed instantly.

This was a matter for celebration. Shorty dolled up in his snappiest outfit and went out to do the town. At three in the morning, feeling in wonderful spirits, he tore through the streets of the town with his horn blaring. Even when the cop threw him in jail for drunken driving, Shorty could afford to laugh. His only enemy was now out of the way.

Even when the judge gave him a stiff sentence—90 days—Shorty was content. He asked for newspapers. Look, there was more on Twister's accident!

". . . and tight around the neck of the body was a piece of green-and-red striped electrical cord. The gangster, Twister, was killed by the truck—but no one could explain the mystery of the strange piece of cord."

Shorty wilted. So it wasn't Twister who killed Terry and Muscles! Fats? But he was dead—and buried!

The guard escorted Shorty into the workroom to which he was assigned. In a daze, Shorty looked around. He jerked his arm away from the loose grip of the guard and made a dash toward the door. This was the rope-making factory! Rope! Rope! Would it haunt him forever?

Well, not for long! That night the body of Shorty was found dangling in his cell. And no one knew where he had gotten the rope. It was a piece of striped electrical cord—green-and-red.

THE END

THE CORPSE THAT CAME BACK!

WEALTHY FARMER ADAMS WAS A HARD, UNREASONABLE MAN, PROUD OF THE FACT THAT NO ONE COULD PUT ANYTHING OVER ON HIM. WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE HIS PRETTY, YOUNG WIFE AND HER ACCOMPLICE WERE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH MURDER-- HIS MURDER-- HE PROVED THAT EVEN THE DEAD SEEK REVENGE !!



FARMER ADAMS' PROSPEROUS FARM LAY IN A LONELY SECTION OF THE COUNTRY, WHERE HE LIVED WITH HIS UNHAPPY YOUNG WIFE...

CLARA! WHY ISN'T MY LUNCH ON THE TABLE?

OH, NATHAN, I HADN'T REALIZED IT WAS SO LATE! I'LL GET IT AT ONCE!

I DON'T SLAVE IN THOSE FIELDS ALL DAY TO SUPPORT A LAZY WIFE!

NO, NATHAN, PLEASE! I DON'T HIT ME!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO HAVE MY
LUNCH READY ON TIME!



AS CLARA PREPARED LUNCH
FOR HER TYRANNICAL HUSBAND...

HE'S BEATEN ME ONCE TOO
OFTEN! I'LL GET RID OF HIM,
AND GET HIS MONEY TOO-- AND
I'LL DESERVE EVERY DOLLAR
OF IT!

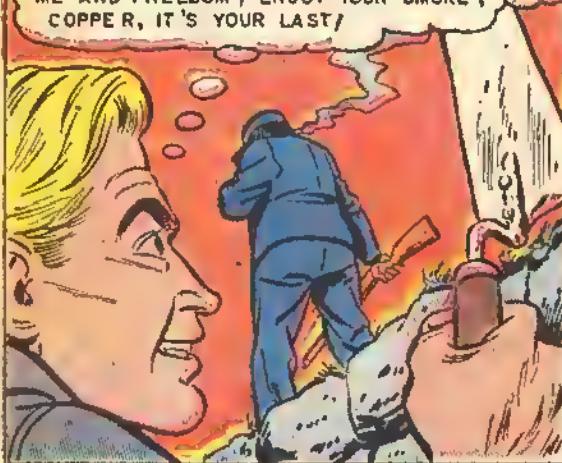


MEANWHILE, SEVERAL MILES
AWAY, CONVICT FRED BARNER
HAD BEEN TAKEN OUTSIDE THE
PENITENTIARY WALLS TO WORK
ON THE WARDEN'S FARM.

IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE
WALLS AFTER TEN YEARS. AND
IF I KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND
WATCH FOR MY CHANCES, I'LL
STAY OUT!



LATER, AS THE KEEPER RELAXED HIS GUARD,
BARNER SAW THE OPPORTUNITY HE HAD BEEN
WAITING FOR. / JUST ONE DUMB COP BETWEEN
ME AND FREEDOM / ENJOY YOUR SMOKE,
COPPER, IT'S YOUR LAST!



THIS AIN'T WORK-
IT'S A PLEASURE!

AAARRGH!



I'D BETTER MAKE TRACKS FAST!
THE WOODS ARE MY BEST BET!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

A FARM HOUSE! I DON'T
KNOW WHO LIVES THERE, BUT
THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE
COMPANY!



INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE . . .

GET MY GLASSES / ALL RIGHT,
ON THE DESK,
CLARA, AND
MAKE IT / THE OLD FOOL
QUICK! NEVER GIVES ME
ANY REST / IF I ONLY HAD THE COURAGE ,
ID... I WILL DO IT!
I'LL KILL HIM- NOW!



IF ONLY HE DOESN'T
TURN AROUND!



BUT, SUDDENLY . . .



EVENING, MA'AM. I WAS WORKING ON A BROKEN
CULVERT DOWN THE ROAD WHEN THE STORM
STRUCK, AND NOW I CAN'T MAKE IT HOME / I WAS
WONDERING IF I COULD
STAY HERE TONIGHT?

NO, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
MY HUSBAND WOULDN'T
PERMIT IT / YOU CAN'T
STAY HERE!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LET ME, MA'AM / OTHERWISE,
I MIGHT HAVE TO TELL YOUR HUSBAND
ABOUT THAT LITTLE SCENE I SAW THROUGH THE
WINDOW. HE'D BE
MIGHTY INTERESTED!

C-COME IN THEN. GO
INTO THE KITCHEN / I'LL
JOIN YOU LATER!



LATER, WHEN OLD NATHAN HAD GONE TO BED . . .

SO, YOU WANT TO BUMP OFF THE
OLD GUY AND GET HIS MONEY-- A
NEAT IDEA / BUT YOU'RE AN AMATEUR,
AND AMATEURS ALWAYS GET CAUGHT.
YOU'VE GOT TO PICK THE RIGHT
TIME- AND PLACE!

ARE YOU GOING
TO TURN ME IN
TO THE POLICE,
OR IS BLACK-
MAIL YOUR
GAME?

NEITHER, CLARA / I'M GOING TO HELP YOU RUB
HIM OUT / NATURALLY, WE'LL SPLIT THE DDOUGH
FIFTY-FIFTY, BUT YOU'LL STILL HAVE ENOUGH / OF
COURSE, IF YOU DON'T AGREE TO THE PLAN, THEN
I'LL BE FORCED TO TURN
YOU IN TO THE COPS. IS
IT A DEAL?

I HAVEN'T MUCH
CHOICE. IT'S A DEAL!



WHEN
DO WE
DO
IT?
TOMORROW'S AS GOOD
A DAY AS ANY! SAY THE
FURNACE REPAIR MAN
CALLED. THEN LEAVE
THE DETAILS TO ME!



THE NEXT DAY... PARDON, SIR,
BUT THE BOILER ISN'T WORKING,
AND I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE
TROUBLE. I WAS WONDERING IF
YOU'D LOOK



YOU'D BETTER COME TOO, MRS.
ADAMS! IT'S DARK DOWN THERE,
AND WE'LL NEED SOMEONE TO
HOLD THE FLASHLIGHT.

AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN
ON THE KILL, BABY, AS AN
ACCESSORY!



IN THE BASEMENT, FRED PREPARED TO CARRY
OUT HIS END OF THE DEAL...

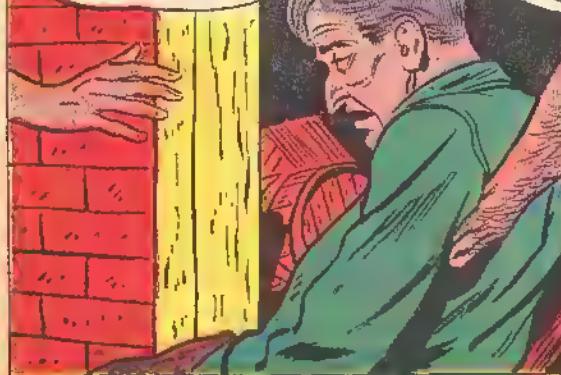
ARE YOU PLUM CRAZY? THERE'S
NOT A DURN THING WRONG HERE!



YOUR MISTAKE,
MR. ADAMS!



HELP ME GET THE OLD GUY IN HERE! THEN, WE'LL
BRICK THE DOOR UP, AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT
A THING! THEY WON'T INVESTIGATE MUCH WHEN
THEY SEE HOW BROKEN UP YOU ARE BY YOUR
DEAR OLD HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE. I'LL
CLEAR OUT BEFORE THE COPS COME, BUT
I'LL BE BACK!



FRED WORKED QUICKLY, USING THE DEATH
WEAPON TO SEAL OLD NATHAN INSIDE HIS TOMB.

BUT, I THOUGHT
YOU'D STAY! WHY
MUST YOU LEAVE
ME TO FACE
THEM ALONE?



I JUST NATURALLY DON'T
LIKE COPS, LADY! BUT, I'LL
BE BACK IN A MONTH OR SO
TO COLLECT MY SHARE OF
THE CASH. YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! JUST STICK TO
YOUR STORY!

AFTER WEEKS OF INVESTIGATION, THE POLICE WERE NO CLOSER TO THE SOLUTION OF NATHAN ADAMS' DIAPPEARANCE. AT LAST, CLARA VISITED HER DEAD HUSBAND'S LAWYER.

MRS. ADAMS, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST RESIGN YOURSELF TO THE FACT THAT YOUR HUSBAND ISN'T COMING BACK!

I GUESS THAT WOULD BE WISEST, MR. FARRELL. AND THIS INVESTIGATION HAS BEEN SO EXPENSIVE! PERHAPS YOU SHOULD OPEN THE WILL NOW. I HAVEN'T MUCH MONEY LEFT.

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE THAT MR. ADAMS IS DEAD. WE CANNOT HAND OVER THE ESTATE UNTIL YOUR HUSBAND IS DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD.

WHEN WILL THAT BE?



MR. ADAMS CAN BE DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD AFTER A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS HAS ELAPSED.

SEVEN YEARS!



CLARA DISCONSOLATELY RETURNED TO THE FARM...

SEVEN YEARS TO WAIT! WELL, MAYBE FRED WON'T WANT TO WAIT AROUND SEVEN YEARS FOR HIS SHARE OF THE MONEY.



SUDDENLY...

HELLO, CLARA. DID YOU MISS ME MUCH?

IT'S - YOU - FRED! WHY YOU'VE DYED YOUR HAIR, AND GROWN A MUSTACHE!



I THOUGHT I'D LOOK GOOD AS A BRUNETTE NOW, BABY, DON'T WASTE MY TIME. JUST GIVE ME MY PART OF OLD NATHAN'S MONEY AND I'LL LEAVE.

THE JOKE'S ON US, FRED! WE CAN'T TOUCH THAT MONEY UNTIL NATHAN'S DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD. MEANING WE WAIT FOR SEVEN YEARS!



ALL RIGHT, WE WAIT SEVEN YEARS / BUT DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET RID OF ME! I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE ON THE FARM, WHERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON YOU! AND IN SEVEN YEARS -- I COLLECT!



THE MONTHS PASSED. FRED WORKED THE ADAMS' FARM, AND REPLACED CLARA'S DEAD HUSBAND AS A QUICK-TEMPERED BULLY, CONSTANTLY THREATENING HER WITH THE LAW IF SHE STEPPED OUT OF LINE. THEN, ONE DAY AT THE COUNTY JAIL...

SORRY, THERE IS STILL NOTHING TO REPORT ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. ADAMS. DROP IN A MONTH FRDN NOW. WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING THEN.

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF. THAT MAN LOOKS FAMILIAR. WHAT IS HE WANTED FOR?



MURDER, NA'AM! HE WAS SERVING A LIFE TERM AT THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY WHEN HE KILLED A GUARD AND ESCAPED. THERE'S A TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD ON HIM IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE HIM.



BACK AT THE FARM, CLARA CONFRONTED FRED WITH HER DISCOVERY.

WE'RE EVEN, FRED! NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOU! THAT TROWEL YOU THREW IN WITH NATHAN'S BODY WAS USED IN TWO MURDERS!



YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING. I WOULDN'T TURN YOU IN!

IT WOULDN'T BE SMART, CLARA! IF I GO TO THE CHAIR, YOU'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND ME! NOW, GET IN THE HOUSE AND FIX SOME-THING TO EAT!



I'M STILL BOSS AROUND HERE! DON'T MAKE THREATS, BABY! IT'S DANGEROUS!



STOP, FRED! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!

THE YEARS DRAGGED SLOWLY BY, AS CLARA AND FRED WORKED SIDE BY SIDE IN BITTER SILENCE, IN DEADLY ENNEMITY, WATCHFUL AND SUSPICIOUS OF EACH OTHER'S ACTIONS. THE ONLY THING SHARED WAS THEIR DREADFUL SECRET, AND THEIR LUST FOR OLD NATHAN'S GOLD.



AT LAST, THE SEVEN YEARS PASSED, AND OLD NATHAN WAS DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD. CLARA AND FRED SAT TENSELY, AS THE LAWYER OPENED THE WILL.

AND TO MY WIFE, CLARA, I BEQUEATH MY ENTIRE FORTUNE AND ESTATE.



THE SUM OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH WILL BE FOUND IN A STRONG BOX, HIDDEN IN A BARREL IN THE BASEMENT STORE ROOM!

OH, NO!



SHERIFF JAMES AND HIS DEPUTIES CAUGHT THE CULPRITS AS THEY MADE A DESPERATE DASH FOR THE DOOR.

MIGHTY STRANGE REACTION, MRS. ADAMS, FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS JUST INHERITED FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. WE'D BETTER GO ALONG AND SEE WHAT THEY ARE TRYING TO

HIDE, BOYS!

LET GO OF ME!



IN THE BASEMENT OF THE ADAMS' FARM, THE POLICE WORKED GRIMLY, UNBRICKING THE STORE ROOM DOOR, AS CLARA AND FRED WATCHED HELPLESSLY.

WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH, SHERIFF!

GOOD! I HAVE A FUNNY HUNCH THAT WE'LL FIND SOMETHING BESIDES MONEY IN THAT ROOM!

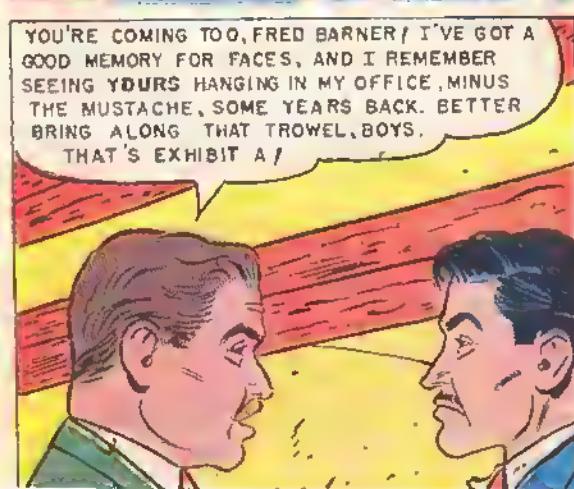


I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT OLD NATHAN WOULD PROBABLY BE SOMEWHERE NEAR WHERE HIS MONEY WAS HIDDEN. HE NEVER DID LET IT GO FAR OUT OF HIS SIGHT! I ARREST YOU, MRS. ADAMS, FOR THE WILFUL MURDER OF YOUR HUSBAND!



YOU'RE COMING TOO, FRED BARNER! I'VE GOT A GOOD MEMORY FOR FACES, AND I REMEMBER SEEING YOURS HANGING IN MY OFFICE, MINUS THE MUSTACHE, SOME YEARS BACK. BETTER BRING ALONG THAT TROWEL, BOYS.

THAT'S EXHIBIT A!



THE SCHEMING MURDERERS WERE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. FRED BARNER WAS ELECTROCUTED, AND CLARA ADAMS WAS GIVEN A LIFE SENTENCE. THEIR LUST FOR MONEY HAD DRIVEN THEM TO MURDER. HOW COULD THEY HAVE KNOWN THAT WHEN THEY WERE SEALING OLD NATHAN UP IN THE CLUTTERED STORE ROOM, THE MONEY THEY SO DESPERATELY DESIRED LAY AT THE BOTTOM OF AN OLD BARREL - NOT TWO FEET AWAY!





THE CROWD ROARED AS THE MAGICIAN RAISED THE SAW OVER THE BODY OF HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE! DRACO, "WORLD'S GREATEST WIZARD," WAS AT WORK... BUT AT THIS PERFORMANCE, THE FEAT WAS MURDER, AND THE REWARD IS DEATH! COME JOIN US FOR A TERRIFYING SESSION OF...

BLACK MAGIC!

...AND NOW, I SHALL BEGIN CUTTING THIS WOMAN IN HALF!

AUDIENCES THE WORLD OVER APPLAUDED THE MARVELOUS ACT OF ALFRED DRACO...

BRAVO! BRAVO! HE'S MAGNIFICENT! STUPENDOUS!



YES, WITHOUT HIS WIFE NORMA, AND HANK LEEDS, DRACO'S ACT WOULD INDEED HAVE BEEN LOST... FOR THE WIZARD WAS GETTING OLD AND FORGETFUL...

ALFRED, YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! YOU MADE THREE BAD SLIPS TONIGHT! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HANK, YOU...

I KNOW MY DEAR... I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE!

DRACO LEFT TO TAKE A SHORT NAP AND NORMA AND HANK WERE ALONE.

THAT SENILE OLD FOOL!
OH, HANK, I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER!
HOW COULD I HAVE EVER MARRIED HIM... HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE MY FATHER!

TAKE IT EASY, NORMA!

DRACO WOULD NOT HAVE RESTED HAD HE KNOWN WHAT WAS GOING ON IN HIS DRESSING ROOM...



SOMETHING IN HANK'S VOICE FRIGHTENED NORMA AND SHE DIDN'T QUESTION HANK FURTHER! THE ACT PROGRESSED NORMALLY DURING THE NEXT WEEKS...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I SHALL TURN THIS ORDINARY PITCHER OF WATER INTO WINE!



THE MOST SPECTACULAR FEAT OF DRACO'S ACT WAS "SAWING" NORMA IN HALF...

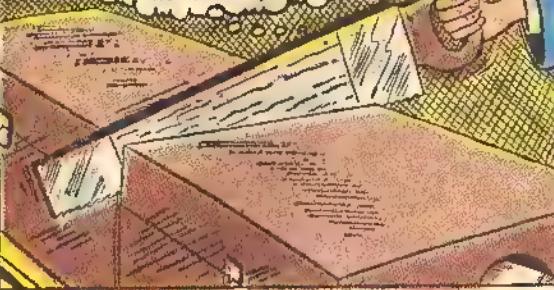
..AND NOW, FOR MY FINAL TRICK OF THE EVENING... I SHALL USE THIS SAW TO CUT INTO THIS WOODEN BOX... AND DOWN INTO THE BODY OF MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE!



THE AUDIENCE STRAINED FORWARD TO WATCH AS THE SHINY BLADE OF THE SAW CUT DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BOX! THEY WERE TOO FAR AWAY, HOWEVER TO SEE WHAT **REALLY** WAS HAPPENING...

THOSE STUPID IDIOTS! LISTEN TO THEM APPLAUD! THEY WOULDN'T BE CLAPPING IF THEY KNEW THE CENTER OF THIS BLADE WAS COLLAPSIBLE!

HA HA HA!



YES, **EVERYTHING** WAS THE SAME DURING THOSE WEEKS...

BUT THEN SOMETHING UNEXPECTED DID HAPPEN...



POOR DRACO... HE WAS TRAPPED AND HE KNEW IT! HANK HAD THE MAGICIAN JUST WHERE HE WANTED HIM...



BUT THE MORE MONEY AND POWER HANK GOT... THE MORE HE WANTED...



YES, IT WAS MURDER, ALL RIGHT! BUT HANK'S GREED KNEW NO BOUNDS, AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR HIM TO GET NORMA TO AGREE TO HIS PLAN...

LOOK, HONEY, IT'S A CINCH! DURING THE ACT WHEN YOU THROW THAT RED PILL INTO THE PITCHER OF WATER TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE WINE, WE'LL PULL A SWITCH! THE PILL WILL BE POISON!

ARE YOU SURE IT'LL WORK, HANK?



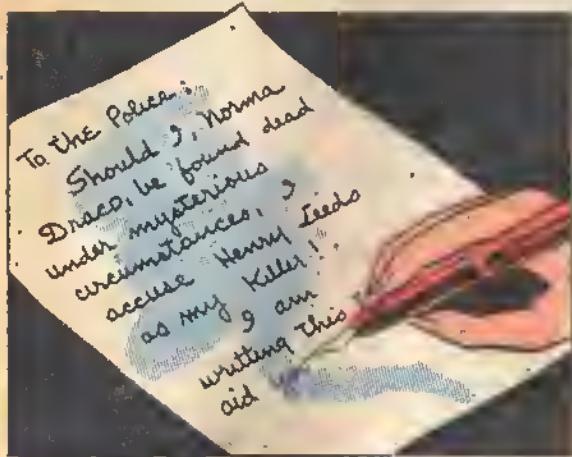
A SHORT TIME LATER HANK LEFT AND NORMA WENT TO

BED... BUT THE MAGICIAN'S WIFE COULDN'T SLEEP... SOMETHING WORRIED HER...

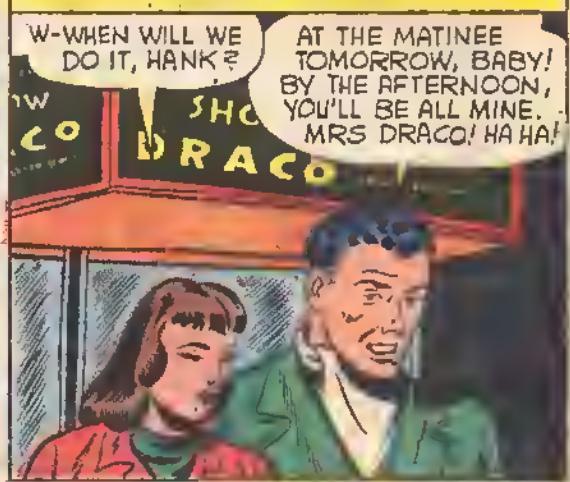
H... HOW DO I KNOW THAT AFTER I COLLECT THE INSURANCE MONEY, HANK MIGHT NOT KILL ME? I... I LOVE HIM... BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO PROTECT MYSELF!



AS DAWN BROKE, NORMA FOUND THE ANSWER TO HER PROBLEM! SHE SAT AT HER DESK AND WROTE A LETTER...



AND THAT EVENING AFTER THE FINAL PERFORMANCE...



AS THE LOVERS KISSED GOODNIGHT, A FIGURE LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE THEATER WATCHED THEM...



SHE'LL PAY... PAY WITH HER LIFE!



THE DARKENED AND EMPTY THEATER ECHOED AS THE MAGICIAN MADE HIS WAY SILENTLY BACK TO THE PROP ROOM...



AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, JUST BEFORE THE MATINEE...



DRACO STEPPED ONTO THE STAGE AND ONCE AGAIN, AMID THE CROWD'S APPLAUSE, THE ACT UNFOLDED...



A MINUTE LATER, THE FATAL GLASS WAS RAISED TO DRACO'S LIPS...



A DOCTOR WAS IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED AND...

I'M SORRY, MRS. DRACO... YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD FROM A

HEART ATTACK! OH, NO! NO! (SOB) ALFRED! ALFRED!

GOOD GOING, NORMA! KEEP IT UP!



YES, HANK'S SCHEME HAD WORKED PERFECTLY. NO ONE SUSPECTED THAT THE MAGICIAN HAD BEEN

MURDERED!

I'LL GO TELL THE CROWD THAT THE SHOW IS CANCELLED, MRS. DRACO DRACO! YOU JUST TAKE IT EASY!

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. SLOAN! I THINK HANK WOULD HAVE LIKED US TO FINISH THE SHOW!



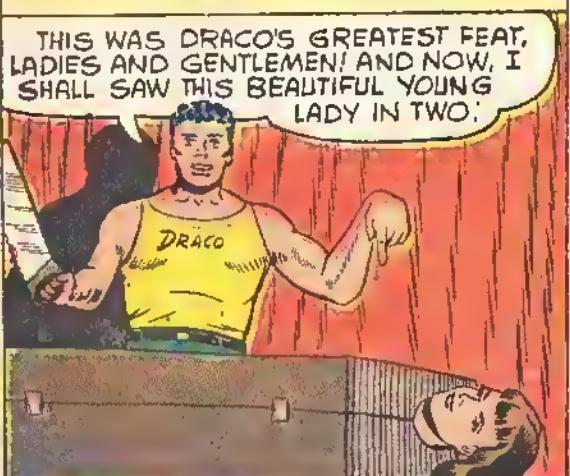
MR. SLOAN, THE THEATER'S MANAGER WAS DELIGHTED AND MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE CROWD...

...AND MRS. DRACO HAS GRACIDUOUSLY CONSENTED TO CONTINUE...



MINUTES LATER FOUND HANK AND NORMA ON STAGE...

THIS WAS DRACO'S GREATEST FEAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AND NOW, I SHALL SAW THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY IN TWO!



YEAH, SUCKERS! DRACO'S GREATEST FEAT... THE COLLAPSIBLE BLADE SAW!



HANK STARTED "SAWING" WITH A VENGEANCE...
BUT THEN SUDDENLY, SOMETHING WENT WRONG,
AN EARSPLITTING SCREAM FILLED THE THEATER...



IT WAS OVER IN AN INSTANT... AND WHEN
THE WOODEN BOX WAS OPENED, A
HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETED THE ONLOOKERS...

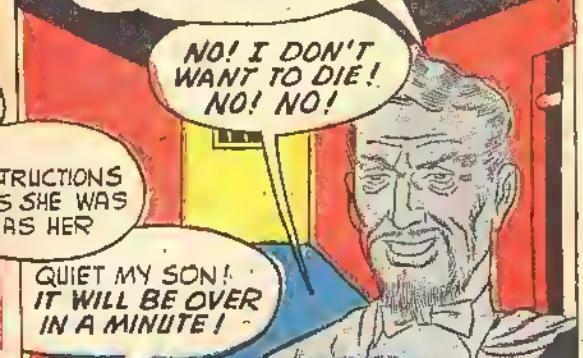


THE POLICE ARRIVED MINUTES LATER... AND
WITH THEM WAS HAROLD T. SMYTHE, NORMA'S
LAWYER...



PERHAPS IT WAS HANK'S IMAGINATION...
OR PERHAPS IT WASN'T... BUT AS HE
WALKED, SHAKING AND TREMBLING, DOWN
THAT LAST MILE, HE THOUGHT HE HEARD
A VOICE, DRACO'S VOICE!

NO, HANK.. YOU DIDN'T KILL HER! IT
WAS AN ACCIDENT, HA HA HA! BUT
NOBODY WILL BELIEVE YOU..
BECAUSE I FIXED THAT
BLADE! I WANTED TO
KILL HER... AND YOU DID
IT FOR ME! HA HA HA! AND
IN A FEW MINUTES, YOU
TOO WILL BE DEAD!
HA HA HA HA!



THE POLICE AND SMYTHE CORNERED HANK
IN HIS DRESSING ROOM...

YOU MUST BE CRAZY! I
DIDN'T KILL NORMA! IT
WAS AN ACCIDENT! SOMETHING
WENT WRONG WITH
THE BLADE! IT WAS...
SORRY, HANK!
BUT NORMA WAS
AFRAID THIS MIGHT
HAPPEN! SHE WROTE
ME A LETTER WITH INSTRUCTIONS
NOT TO OPEN IT UNLESS SHE WAS
DEAD! SHE NAMED YOU AS HER
KILLER

POOR HANK... HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! NO JURY IN THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BELIEVED
HIS STORY OF AN "ACCIDENT!"

AND YOU, HENRY LEEDS, WILL DIE
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR ON
THE NIGHT OF...
NO! NO! I
DIDN'T
KILL HER!
THE BLADE DIDN'T
WORK!

THE END

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
KEEP ON THEIR FEET?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



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"CHEVALIER"!

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1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give
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mail TODAY!

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"Chevalier". Adjust belt the way
you want. See
how your bulging
"bay window"
looks streamlined
and how comfor-
table you feel. How
good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier"
for 10 whole days; if you
want to! Wear it to work,
evenings, while bowling,
etc. The "Chevalier" must
help you look and feel
"like a million" or you can
send it back! See offer in
coupon!



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is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the won-
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The CHEVALIER

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Works quick as a
flash! Simply adjust
the strap and presto!
The belt is perfectly
adjusted to your
greatest comfort!

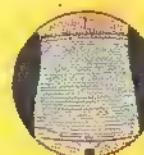


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protection!

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Firmly holds in your
flabby abdomen, yet
it stretches as you
breathe, bend, stoop, after
meals, etc.



Rear View
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SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable
support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. This
Chevalier has a re-
moveable pouch made of a soft,
comfortable fabric that absorbs
perspiration. So that you can
change it regularly. We include
an extra pouch. Limited offer.
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